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# KING COLE

*By*

JOHN MASEFIELD



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# KING COLE

*By*  
**JOHN MASEFIELD**

Rosas  
Gallipoli  
Right Royal  
The Faithful  
Selected Poems  
Lost Endeavour  
A Mainsail Haul  
Captain Magaret  
Reynard the Fox  
The Daffodil Fields  
The Old Front Line  
Multitude and Solitude  
Collected Poems and Plays  
Salt Water Poems and Ballads  
Good Friday and Other Poems  
The Tragedy of Pompey the Great  
Philip the King and Other Poems  
The Tragedy of Nan and Other Poems  
Lollington Downs and Other Poems  
The Story of a Round-House and Other Poems  
The Locked Chest; and The Sweeps of Ninety-eight  
The Everlasting Mercy and the Widow in the Bye Street

# KING COLE

BY

JOHN MASEFIELD

WITH DRAWINGS IN BLACK AND WHITE

BY

JUDITH MASEFIELD

New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1921

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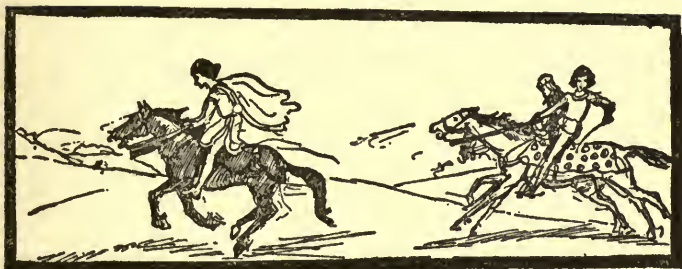
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*To*  
MY WIFE

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# KING COLE



King Cole was King before the troubles came,  
The land was happy while he held the helm,  
The valley-land from Condicote to Thame,  
Watered by Thames and green with many an elm.  
For many a year he governed well his realm,  
So well-beloved, that, when at last he died,  
It was bereavement to the countryside.

So good, so well-beloved, had he been  
In life, that when he reached the judging-place  
(There where the scales are even, the sword keen),

The Acquitting Judges granted him a grace,  
Aught he might choose, red, black, from king to  
ace,

Beneath the bright arch of the heaven's span;  
He chose, to wander earth, the friend of man.

So, since that time, he wanders shore and shire,  
An old, poor, wandering man, with glittering eyes  
Helping distressful folk to their desire  
By power of spirit that within him lies.  
Gentle he is, and quiet, and most wise,  
He wears a ragged grey, he sings sweet words,  
And where he walks there flutter little birds.

And when the planets glow as dusk begins  
He pipes a wooden flute to music old.  
Men hear him on the downs, in lonely inns,  
In valley woods, or up the Chiltern wold;  
His piping feeds the starved and warms the cold,  
It gives the beaten courage; to the lost  
It brings back faith, that lodestar of the ghost.

And most he haunts the beech-tree-pasturing chalk,  
The Downs and Chilterns with the Thames between.  
There still the Berkshire shepherds see him walk,  
Searching the unhelped woe with instinct keen,  
His old hat stuck with never-withering green,  
His flute in poke, and little singings sweet  
Coming from birds that flutter at his feet.

Not long ago a circus wandered there,  
Where good King Cole most haunts the public  
way,  
Coming from Reading for St. Giles's Fair  
Through rain unceasing since Augustine's Day;  
The horses spent, the waggons splashed with clay,  
The men with heads bowed to the wester roaring,  
Heaving the van-wheels up the hill at Goring.

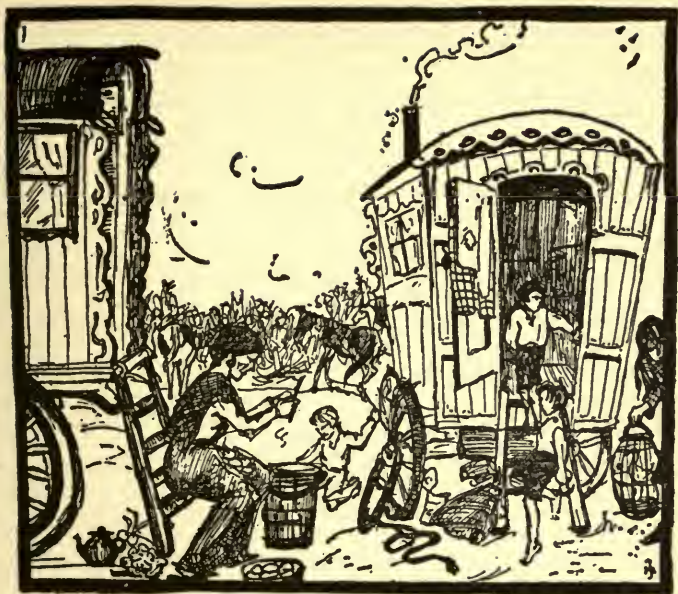
Wearily plodding up the hill they went,  
Broken by bitter weather and the luck,  
Six vans, and one long waggon with the tent,  
And piebald horses following in the muck,

Dragging their tired hooves out with a suck,  
And heaving on, like some defeated tribe  
Bound for Despair with Death upon their kibe.

All through the morn the circus floundered thus,  
The nooning found them at the Crossing Roads,  
Stopped by an axle splitting in its truss.  
The horses drooped and stared before their loads.  
Dark with the wet they were, and cold as toads.  
The men were busy with the foundered van,  
The showman stood apart, a beaten man.

He did not heed the dripping of the rain,  
Nor the wood's roaring, nor the blotted hill,  
He stood apart and bit upon his pain,  
Biting the bitter meal with bitter will.  
Focussed upon himself, he stood, stock still,  
Staring unseeing, while his mind repeated,  
"This is the end; I'm ruined; I'm defeated."

From time to time a haggard woman's face  
Peered at him from a van, and then withdrew;



*Within the cowboy's van the rat-eyed wife,  
Her reddish hair in papers twisted close,  
Turned wet potatoes round against the knife,  
And in a bucket dropped the peelèd Oes.*





Seeds from the hayrack blew about the place,  
The smoke out of the waggon chimneys blew,  
From wicker creel the skinny cockerel crew.  
The men who set the floundered axle straight  
Glanced at their chief, and each man nudged his  
mate.

And one, the second clown, a snub-nosed youth,  
Fair-haired, with broken teeth, discoloured black,  
Muttered, "He looks a treat, and that's the truth.  
I've had enough: I've given him the sack."  
He took his wrench, arose, and stretched his back,  
Swore at a piebald pony trying to bite,  
And rolled a cigarette and begged a light.

Within, the second's wife, who leaped the hoops,  
Nursed sour twins, her son and jealousy,  
Thinking of love, in luckier, happier troupes  
Known on the roads in summers now gone by  
Before her husband had a roving eye,  
Before the rat-eyed baggage with red hair  
Came to do tight rope and make trouble there.

Beside the vans, the clown, old Circus John,  
Growled to the juggler as he sucked his briar,  
“How all the marrow of a show was gone  
Since women came, to sing and walk the wire,  
Killing the clown his act for half his hire,  
Killing the circus trade: because,” said he,  
“Horses and us are what men want to see.”

The juggler was a young man shaven-clean,  
Even in the mud his dainty way he had,  
Red-cheeked, with eyes like boxer's, quick and keen,  
A jockey-looking youth with legs besprad,  
Humming in baritone a ditty sad,  
And tapping on his teeth his finger-nails,  
The while the clown suckt pipe and spat his tales.

Molly, the singer, watched him wearily  
With big black eyes that love had brimmed with tears,  
Her mop of short cut hair was blown awry,  
Her firm mouth shewed her wiser than her years.  
She stroked a piebald horse and pulled his ears,

And kissed his muzzle, while her eyes betrayed  
This, that she loved the juggler, not the jade.

And growling in a group the music stood  
Sucking short pipes, their backs against the rain,  
Plotting rebellion in a bitter mood,  
“A shilling more, or never play again.”  
Their old great coats were foul with many a stain,  
Weather and living rough had stamped their faces,  
They were cast clerks, old sailors, old hard cases.

Within the cowboy's van the rat-eyed wife,  
Her reddish hair in papers twisted close,  
Turned wet potatoes round against the knife,  
And in a bucket dropped the peelèd Oes.  
Her little girl was howling from her blows,  
The cowboy smoked and with a spanner whackt  
The metal target of his shooting act.

And in another van more children cried  
From being beaten or for being chid

By fathers cross or mothers haggard-eyed,  
Made savage by the fortunes that betide.  
The rain dripped from the waggons: the drops glid  
Along the pony's flanks; the thick boots stamped  
The running muck for warmth, and hope was  
damped.

Yet all of that small troupe in misery stuck,  
Were there by virtue of their nature's choosing  
To be themselves and take the season's luck,  
Counting the being artists worth the bruising.  
To be themselves, as artists, even if losing  
Wealth, comfort, health, in doing as they chose,  
Alone of all life's ways brought peace to those.

So there below the forlorn woods, they grumbled,  
Stamping for warmth and shaking off the rain.  
Under the foundered van the tinkers fumbled,  
Fishing the splitted truss with wedge and chain.  
Soon, all was done, the van could go again,

Men cracked their whips, the horses' shoulders  
    forged  
Up to the collar while the mud disgorged.

So with a jangling of their chains they went,  
Lean horses, swaying vans and creaking wheels,  
Bright raindrops tilting off the van roof pent  
And reedy cockerels crying in the creels,  
Smoke driving down, men's shouts and children's  
    squeals,  
Whips cracking, and the hayrack sheddings blowing;  
The Showman stood aside to watch them going.

What with the rain and misery making mad,  
The Showman never saw a stranger come  
Till there he stood, a stranger roughly clad  
In ragged grey of woollen spun at home.  
Green sprigs were in his hat, and other some  
Stuck in his coat; he bore a wooden flute,  
And redbreasts hopped and carolled at his foot.

It was King Cole, who smiled and spoke to him.

*King Cole:*       The mend will hold until you reach  
                          a wright.

                          Where do you play?

*The Showman:*                       In Wallingford to-night.

*King Cole:*       There are great doings there.

*The Showman:*                       I know of none.

*King Cole:*       The Prince will lay the Hall's  
                          foundation stone

                          This afternoon: he and the Queen  
                          are there.

*The Showman:* Lord, keep this showman patient,  
                          lest he swear.

*King Cole:*       Why should you swear? Be glad;  
                          your town is filled.

*The Showman:* What use are crowds to me with  
                          business killed?

*King Cole:*       I see no cause for business to be  
                          crosst.

*The Showman:* Counter-attractions, man, at public  
                          cost.

Fireworks, dancing, bonfires, soldiers, speeches.

In all my tour along the river's reaches

I've had ill-luck: I've clashed with public feasts.

At Wycombe fair, we met performing beasts,

At Henley, waxworks, and at Maidenhead

The Psyche woman talking with the dead.

At Bray, we met the rain, at Reading, flood,

At Pangbourne, politics, at Goring, mud.

Now here, at Wallingford, the Royal Pair.

Counter-attraction killing everywhere,

Killing a circus dead: God give  
me peace;

If this be living, death will be release.

By God, it brims the cup; it fills  
the can.

What trade are you?

*King Cole:* I am a wandering man.

*The Showman:* You mean, a tramp who flutes for  
bread and pence?

*King Cole:* I come, and flute, and then I wander  
thence.

*The Showman:* Quicksilver Tom, who couldn't keep  
his place.

*King Cole:* My race being run, I love to watch  
the race.

*The Showman:* You ought to seek your rest.

*King Cole:* My rest is this,  
The world of men, wherever trouble is.

*The Showman:* If trouble rests you, God! your life  
is rest.



*King Cole:* Even the sun keeps moving, east  
to west.

*The Showman:* Little he gets by moving; less than I.

*King Cole:* He sees the great green world go  
floating by.

*The Showman:* A sorry sight to see, when all is said.  
Why don't you set to work?

*King Cole:* I have no trade.

*The Showman:* Where is your home?

*King Cole:* All gone, a long time past.

*The Showman:* Your children then?

*King Cole:* All dead, sir, even the last.  
I am a lonely man; no kith nor kin.

*The Showman:* There is no joy in life when deaths  
begin,  
I know it, I. How long is't since  
you ate?

*King Cole:* It was so long ago that I forget.

*The Showman:* The proverb says a man can always  
find

One sorrier than himself in state and  
mind.

'Fore George, it's true. Well, come,  
then, to the van.

Jane, can you find a meal for this  
poor man?

"Yes," said his wife. "Thank God, we still are able  
To help a friend; come in, and sit to table."

"Come," said her man, "I'll help you up aboard,  
I'll save your legs as far as Wallingford."

They climbed aboard and sat; the woman spread  
Food for King Cole, and watched him as he fed.  
Tears trickled down her cheeks and much she sighed.  
"My son," she said, "like you, is wandering wide,  
I know not where; a beggar in the street,  
(For all I know) without a crust to eat.  
He never could abide the circus life."



*They climbed aboard and sat; the woman spread  
Food for King Cole, and watched him as he fed.*



*The Showman:* It was my fault, I always tell my  
wife

I put too great constraint upon his  
will;

Things would be changed if he were  
with us still.

I ought not to have forced him to  
the trade.

*King Cole:* "A forced thing finds a vent," my  
father said;

And yet a quickening tells me that  
your son

Is not far from you now; for I am  
one

Who feels these things, like comfort  
in the heart.

The couple watched King Cole and shrank apart,  
For brightness covered him with glittering.

"Tell me your present troubles," said the King,

"For you are worn. What sorrow makes you sad?"

*The Showman:* Why, nothing, sir, except that times  
are bad,  
Rain all the season through, and  
empty tents,  
And nothing earned for stock or  
winter rents.  
My wife there, ill, poor soul, from  
very grief,  
And now no hope nor prospect of  
relief;  
The season's done, and we're as we  
began.

Now one can bear one's troubles,  
being a man,  
But what I cannot bear is loss of  
friends.  
This troupe will scatter when the  
season ends:

My clown is going, and the Tricksey  
Three

Who juggle and do turns, have split  
with me;

And now, to-day, my wife's too ill  
to dance,

And all my music ask for an advance.

There must be poison in a man's  
distress

That makes him mad and people  
like him less.

Well, men are men. But what I  
cannot bear

Is my poor Bet, my piebald Talking  
Mare,

Gone curby in her hocks from stand-  
ing up.

That's the last drop that overfills  
the cup.

My Bet's been like a Christian  
friend for years.

*King Cole:*      Now courage, friend, no good can  
come from tears.

I know a treatment for a curby hock  
Good both for inward sprain or  
outward knock.

Here's the receipt; it's sure as  
flowers in spring;

A certain cure, the Ointment of the  
King.

That cures your mare; your troubles  
Time will right;

A man's ill-fortune passes like the  
night.

Times are already mending at their  
worst;

Think of Spent Simmy when his  
roof-beam burst.





*Well, men are men. But what I cannot bear  
Is my poor Bet, my piebald Talking Mare,  
Gone curby in her hocks from standing up.  
That's the last drop that overfills the cup.  
My Bet's been like a Christian friend for years.*



His ruined roof fell on him in a rain  
Of hidden gold that built it up again.  
So, courage, and believe God's providence.

Lo, here, the city shining like new  
pence,

To welcome you; the Prince is  
lodging there.

Lo, you, the banners flying like a  
fair.

Your circus will be crowded twenty  
deep.

This city is a field for you to reap,  
For thousands must have come to  
see the Prince,

And all are here, all wanting fun.  
And since

The grass was green, all men have  
loved a show.

Success is here, so let your trouble go.

*The Showman:* Well, blessings on your heart for  
speaking so;

It may be that the tide will turn  
at last.

But royal tours have crossed me in  
the past

And killed my show, and maybe will  
again.

One hopes for little after months of  
rain,

And the little that one hopes one  
does not get.

*The Wife:* Look, Will, the city gates with  
sentries set.

*The Showman:* It looks to me as if the road were  
barred.

*King Cole:* They are some soldiers of the body-  
guard.

I hope, the heralds of your fortune's  
change.

“Now take this frowsy circus off the range,”  
The soldiers at the city entrance cried;  
“Keep clear the town, you cannot pass inside,  
The Prince is here, with other things to do  
Than stare at gangs of strollers such as you.”

*The Showman:* But I am billed to play here; and  
must play.

*The Soldiers:* No must at all. You cannot play  
to-day,  
Nor pitch your tents within the  
city bound.

*The Showman:* Where can I, then?

*The Soldiers:* Go, find some other ground.

*A Policeman:* Pass through the city. You can  
pitch and play  
One mile beyond it, after five to-day.

*The Showman:* One mile beyond, what use is that  
to me?

*A Policeman:* Those are the rules, here printed,  
you can see.

*The Showman:* But let me see the Mayor, to make sure.

*The Soldiers:* These are his printed orders, all secure.

Pass through or back, you must not linger here,

Blocking the road with all this circus gear.

Which will you do, then: back or pass along?

*The Showman:* Pass.

*The Soldiers:* Then away, and save your breath for song,

We cannot bother with your right and wrong.

George, guide these waggons through the western gate.

Now, march, d'ye hear? and do not stop to bait

This side a mile; for that's the order. March!

The Showman toppled like a broken arch.

The line-squall roared upon them with loud lips.

A green-lit strangeness followed, like eclipse

They passed within, but, when within, King Cole

Slipped from the van to head the leading team.

He breathed into his flute his very soul,

A noise like waters in a pebbly stream,

And straight the spirits that inhabit dream

Came round him, and the rain-squall roared its last

And bright the wind-vane shifted as it passed.

And in the rush of sun and glittering cloud

That followed on the storm, he led the way,

Fluting the sodden circus through the crowd

That trod the city streets in holiday.

And lo, a marvellous thing, the gouted clay,

Splashed on the waggons and the horses, glowed,

They shone like embers as they trod the road.

And round the tired horses came the Powers  
That stir men's spirits, waking or asleep,  
To thoughts like planets and to acts like flowers,  
Out of the inner wisdom's beauty deep:  
These led the horses, and, as marshalled sheep  
Fronting a dog, in line, the people stared  
At those bright waggons led by the bright-haired.

And, as they marched, the spirits sang, and all  
The horses crested to the tune and stept  
Like centaurs to a passionate festival  
With shining throats that mantling criniers swept.  
And all the hearts of all the watchers leapt  
To see those horses passing and to hear  
That song that came like blessing to the ear.

And, to the crowd, the circus artists seemed  
Splendid, because the while that singing quired  
Each artist was the part that he had dreamed  
And glittered with the Power he desired,  
Women and men, no longer wet or tired



From long despair, now shone like queens and kings,  
There they were crowned with their imaginings.

And with them, walking by the vans, there came  
The wild things from the woodland and the mead,  
The red stag, with his tender-stepping dame,  
Branched, and high-tongued and ever taking heed.  
Nose-wrinkling rabbits nibbling at the weed,  
The hares that box by moonlight on the hill,  
The bright trout's death, the otter from the mill.

There, with his mask made virtuous, came the fox,  
Talking of landscape while he thought of meat;  
Blood-loving weasels, honey-harrying brocks,  
Stoats, and the mice that build among the wheat,  
Dormice, and moles with little hands for feet,  
The water-rat that gnaws the yellow flag,  
Toads from the stone and merrows from the quag.

And over them flew birds of every kind,  
Whose way, or song, or speed, or beauty brings  
Delight and understanding to the mind;

The bright-eyed, feathery, thready-leggéd things.  
There they, too, sang amid a rush of wings,  
With sweet, clear cries and gleams from wing and  
crest,  
Blue, scarlet, white, gold plume and speckled breast.

And all the vans seemed grown with living leaves  
And living flowers, the best September knows,  
Moist poppies scarlet from the Hilcote sheaves,  
Green-fingered bine that runs the barley-rows,  
Pale candylips, and those intense blue blows  
That trail the porches in the autumn dusk,  
Tempting the noiseless moth to tongue their musk.

So, tired thus, so tended, and so sung,  
They crossed the city through the marvelling crowd.  
Maids with wide eyes from upper windows hung,  
The children waved their toys and sang aloud.  
But in his van the beaten showman bowed  
His head upon his hands, and wept, not knowing  
Aught of what passed except that wind was blowing.

All through the town the fluting led them on,  
But near the western gate King Cole retired;  
And, as he ceased, the vans no longer shone,  
The bright procession dimmed like lamps expired;  
Again with muddy vans and horses tired,  
And artists cross and women out of luck,  
The sodden circus plodded through the muck.

The crowd of following children loitered home;  
Maids shut the windows lest more rain should come;  
The circus left the streets of flowers and flags,  
King Cole walked with it, huddling in his rags.  
They reached the western gate and sought to pass.

“Take back this frowsy show to where it was,”  
The sergeant of the gateway-sentry cried;  
“You know quite well you cannot pass outside.”

*The Showman:* But we were told to pass here, by  
the guard.

*The Sergeant:* Here are the printed orders on the card.

No traffic, you can read. Clear out.

*The Showman:* But where?

*The Sergeant:* Where you're not kicked from, or there's room to spare.

Go back and out of town the way you came.

*The Showman:* I've just been sent from there. Is this a game?

*The Sergeant:* You'll find it none, my son, if that's your tone.

*The Showman:* You redcoats; ev'n your boots are not your own.

*The Sergeant:* No, they're the Queen's; I represent the Queen.

*The Showman:* Pipeclay your week's accounts, you red marine.

*The Sergeant:* Thank you, I will. Now vanish. Right-about.

*The Showman:* Right, kick the circus in or kick it  
out,  
But kick us, kick us hard, we've  
got no friends,  
We've no Queen's boots or busbies  
on our ends;  
We're poor, we like it, no one cares;  
besides  
These dirty artists ought to have  
thick hides.  
The dust, like us, is fit for boots to  
stamp,  
None but Queen's redcoats are al-  
lowed to camp  
In this free country.

*A Policeman:* What's the trouble here?

*The Showman:* A redcoat dog, in need of a thick ear.

*The Policeman:* The show turned back? No, ser-  
geant, let them through.

They can't turn back, because the  
Prince is due.

Best let them pass.

*The Sergeant:*           Then pass; and read the rules  
Another time.

*The Showman:*           You fat, red-coated fools.

*The Policeman:* Pass right along.

They passed. Beyond the town  
A farmer gave them leave to settle down  
In a green field beside the Oxford road.

There the spent horses ceased to drag the load;

The tent was pitched beneath a dropping sky,

The green-striped tent with all its gear awry.

The men drew close to grumble: in the van

The showman parted from the wandering man.

*The Showman:* You see; denied a chance; denied  
bare bread.

*King Cole:*           I know the stony road that artists  
tread.

*The Showman:* You take it very mildly, if you do.  
How would you act if this were  
done to you?

*King Cole:* Go to the Mayor.

*The Showman:* I am not that kind,  
I'll kneel to no Court prop with  
painted rind.  
You and your snivelling to them  
may go hang.  
I say: "God curse the Prince and  
all his gang."

*The Wife:* Ah, no, my dear, for Life hurts  
everyone,  
Without our cursing. Let the poor  
Prince be;  
We artist folk are happier folk than he,  
Hard as it is.

*The Showman:* I say: God let him see  
And taste and know this misery  
that he makes.

He strains a poor man's spirit till  
it breaks,

And then he hangs him, while a  
poor man's gift

He leaves unhelped, to wither or to  
drift.

Sergeants at city gates are all his  
care.

We are but outcast artists in despair.  
They dress in scarlet and he gives  
them gold.

*King Cole:* Trust still to Life, the day is not  
yet old.

*The Showman:* By God! our lives are all we have to  
trust.

*King Cole:* Life changes every day and ever  
must.

*The Showman:* It has not changed with us, this  
season, yet.

*King Cole:* Life is as just as Death; Life pays  
its debt.



*The Showman:* What justice is there in our suffering so?

*King Cole:* This: that not knowing, we should try to know.

*The Showman:* Try. A sweet doctrine for a broken heart.

*King Cole:* The best (men say) in every manly part.

*The Showman:* Is it, by Heaven? I have tried it, I.  
I tell you, friend, your justice is a lie;

Your comfort is a lie, your peace a fraud;

Your trust a folly and your cheer a gaud.

I know what men are, having gone these roads.

Poor bankrupt devils, sweating under loads

While others suck their blood and smile and smile.

You be an artist on the roads a  
while,

You'll know what justice comes with  
suffering then.

*King Cole:* Friend, I am one grown old with  
sorrowing men.

*The Showman:* The old are tamed, they have not  
blood to feel.

*King Cole:* They've blood to hurt, if not enough  
to heal.

I have seen sorrow close and suffer-  
ing close.

I know their ways with men, if any  
knows.

I know the harshness of the way  
they have

To loose the base and prison up the  
brave.

I know that some have found the  
depth they trod

In deepest sorrow is the heart of God.  
Up on the bitter iron there is peace.

In the dark night of prison comes  
release,  
In the black midnight still the cock  
will crow.

There is a help that the abandoned  
know

Deep in the heart, that conquerors  
cannot feel.

Abide in hope the turning of the  
wheel,

The luck will alter and the star will  
rise.

His presence seemed to change before their eyes.  
The old, bent, ragged, glittering, wandering fellow,  
With thready blood-streaks in the ridged yellow  
Of cheek and eye, seemed changed to one who held  
Earth and the spirit like a king of eld.

He spoke again: "You have been kind," said he.  
"In your own trouble you have thought of me.  
God will repay. To him who gives is given,  
Corn, water, wine, the world, the starry heaven."

Then, like a poor old man, he took his way  
Back to the city, while the showman gazed  
After his figure like a man amazed.

*The Wife:* I think that traveller was an angel  
sent.

*The Showman:* A most strange man. I wonder  
what he meant.

*The Wife:* Comfort was what he meant, in our  
distress.

*The Showman:* No words of his can make our trouble  
less.

*The Wife:* O, Will, he made me feel the luck  
would change.  
Look at him, husband; there is  
something strange

About him there; a robin redbreast  
comes  
Hopping about his feet as though for  
crumbs,  
And little long-tailed tits and wrens  
that sing  
Perching upon him.

*The Showman:* What a wondrous thing!  
I've read of such, but never seen it.

*The Wife:* Look,  
These were the dishes and the food  
he took.

*The Showman:* Yes; those were they. What of it?

*The Wife:* Did he eat?

*The Showman:* Yes; bread and cheese; he would  
not touch the meat

*The Wife:* But see, the cheese is whole, the  
loaf unbroken,  
And both are fresh. And see,  
another token:—

Those hard green apples that the  
farmer gave

Have grown to these gold globes,  
like Blenheims brave;

And look, how came these plums  
of Pershore here?

*The Showman:* We have been sitting with a saint,  
my dear.

*The Wife.* Look at the butterflies!

Like floating flowers  
Came butterflies, the souls of summer hours,  
Fluttering about the van; Red Admirals rich,  
Scarlet and pale on breathing speeds of pitch,  
Brimstones, like yellow poppy petals blown,  
Brown ox-eyed Peacocks in their purpled roan,  
Blue, silvered things that haunt the grassy chalk,  
Green Hairstreaks bright as green shoots on a  
stalk,  
And that dark prince, the oakwood haunting thing  
Dyed with blue burnish like the mallard's wing.

“He was a saint of God,” the showman cried.

Meanwhile, within the town, from man to man  
The talk about the wondrous circus ran.  
All were agreed, that nothing ever known  
Had thrilled so tense the marrow in their bone.  
All were agreed, that sights so beautiful  
Made the Queen’s court with all its soldiers dull,  
Made all the red-wrapped masts and papered strings  
Seem fruit of death, not lovely living things.  
And some said loudly that though time were short,  
Men still might hire the circus for the Court.  
And some, agreeing, sought the Mayor’s hall,  
To press petition for the show’s recall.

But as they neared the hall, behold, there came  
A stranger to them dressed as though in flame;  
An old, thin, grinning glitterer, decked with green,  
With thready blood-streaks in his visage lean,  
And at his wrinkled eyes a look of mirth  
Not common among men who walk the earth;

Yet from his pocket poked a flute of wood,  
And little birds were following him for food.

“Sirs,” said King Cole (for it was he), “I know  
You seek the Mayor, but you need not so;  
I have this moment spoken with his grace.  
He grants the circus warrant to take place  
Within the city, should the Prince see fit  
To watch such pastime; here is his permit.  
I go this instant to the Prince to learn  
His wish herein: wait here till I return.”

They waited while the old man passed the sentry  
Beside the door, and vanished through the entry.  
They thought, “This old man shining like New  
Spain,  
Must be the Prince’s lordly chamberlain.  
His cloth of gold so shone, it seemed to burn;  
Wait till he comes.” They stayed for his return.

Meanwhile, above, the Prince stood still to bide  
The nightly mercy of the eventide,



---

Brought nearer by each hour that chimed and  
ceased.

His head was weary with the city feast  
But newly risen from. He stood alone  
As heavy as the day's foundation stone.

The room he stood in was an ancient hall.  
Portraits of long dead men were on the wall.  
From the dull crimson of their robes there stared  
Passionless eyes, long dead, that judged and glared.  
Above them were the oaken corbels set,  
Of angels reaching hands that never met,  
Where in the spring the swallows came to build.

It was the meeting chamber of the Guild.

From where he stood, the Prince could see a yard  
Paved with old slabs and cobbles cracked and scarred  
Where weeds had pushed, and tiles and broken glass  
Had fallen and been trodden in the grass.  
A gutter dripped upon it from the rain.

"It puts a crown of lead upon my brain

To live this life of princes," thought the Prince.

"To be a king is to be like a quince,

Bitter himself, yet flavour to the rest.

To be a cat among the hay were best;

There in the upper darkness of the loft,

With green eyes bright, soft-lying, purring soft,

Hearing the rain without; not forced, as I,

To lay foundation stones until I die,

Or sign State-papers till my hand is sick.

The man who plaits straw crowns upon a rick

Is happier in his crown than I the King.

And yet, this day, a very marvellous thing

Came by me as I walked the chamber here.

Once in my childhood, in my seventh year,

I saw them come, and now they have returned,

Those strangers, riding upon cars that burned,

Or seemed to burn, with gold, while music thrilled,

Then beauty following till my heart was filled,

And life seemed peopled from eternity.

They brought down Beauty and Wisdom from the sky

Into the streets, those strangers; I could see  
Beauty and wisdom looking up at me  
As then, in childhood, as they passed below.

Men would not let me know them long ago,  
Those strangers bringing joy. They will not now.  
I am a prince with gold about my brow;  
Duty, not joy, is all a prince's share.

And yet, those strangers from I know not where,  
From glittering lands, from unknown cities far  
Beyond the sea-plunge of the evening star,  
Would give me life, which princedom cannot give.  
They would be revelation: I should live.  
I may not deal with wisdom, being a king."

There came a noise of someone entering;  
He turned his weary head to see who came.

It was King Cole, arrayed as though in flame,  
Like a white opal, glowing from within,  
He entered there in snowy cramoisin.

The Prince mistook him for a city lord,  
He turned to him and waited for his word.

“Sir,” said King Cole, “I come to bring you news.  
Sir, in the weary life that princes use  
There is scant time for any prince or king  
To taste delights that artists have and bring.  
But here, to-night, no other duty calls,  
And circus artists are without the walls.  
Will you not see them, sir?”

*The Prince:*       Who are these artists; do they  
                              paint or write?

*King Cole:*       No, but they serve the arts and love  
                              delight.

*The Prince:*       What can they do?

*King Cole:*       They know full many a rite  
                              That holds the watcher spell-bound,  
                              and they know  
                              Gay plays of ghosts and jokes of  
                              long ago;

And beauty of bright speed their  
horses bring,  
Ridden barebacked at gallop round  
the ring  
By girls who stand upon the racing  
team.  
Jugglers they have, of whom the  
children dream,  
Who pluck live rabbits from between  
their lips  
And balance marbles on their finger-  
tips.  
Will you not see them, sir? And  
then, they dance.

“Ay,” said the Prince, “and thankful for the chance.  
So thankful, that these bags of gold shall buy  
Leave for all comers to be glad as I.

And yet, I know not if the Court permits.  
King’s pleasures must be sifted through the wits

Or want of wit of many a courtly brain.  
I get the lees and chokings of the drain,  
Not the bright rippling that I perish for."

*King Cole:* Sir, I will open the forbidden door,  
Which, opened, they will enter all  
in haste.

The life of man is stronger than  
good taste.

*The Prince:* Custom is stronger than the life of  
man.

*King Cole:* Custom is but a way that life began.

*The Prince:* A withering way that makes the  
leafage fall,

Custom, like Winter, is the King of  
all.

*King Cole:* Winter makes water solid, yet the  
spring,  
That is but flowers, is a stronger  
thing.

Custom, the ass man rides, will  
plod for years,

But laughter kills him and he dies  
at tears.

One word of love, one spark from  
beauty's fire,

And custom is a memory; listen, sire.

Then at a window looking on the street

He played his flute like leaves or snowflakes falling,

Till men and women, passing, thought: "How sweet;

These notes are in our hearts like flowers falling."

And then, they thought, "An unknown voice is  
calling

Like April calling to the seed in earth;

Madness is quickening deadness into birth."

And then, as in the spring when first men hear,

Beyond the black-twigged hedge, the lambling's cry

Coming across the snow, a note of cheer

Before the storm-cock tells that spring is nigh,

Before the first green bramble pushes shy,

And all the blood leaps at the lambling's notes,  
The piping brought men's hearts into their throats.

Till all were stirred, however old and grand;  
Generals bestarred, old statesmen, courtiers prim  
(Whose lips kissed nothing but the Monarch's hand),  
Stirred in their courtly minds recesses dim,  
The sap of life stirred in the dreary limb.  
The old eyes brightened o'er the pouncet-box,  
Remembering loves, and brawls, and mains of  
cocks.

And through the town the liquid piping's gladness  
Thrilled on its way, rejoicing all who heard,  
To thrust aside their dullness or their sadness  
And follow blithely as the fluting stirred  
They hurried to the guild like horses spurred.  
There in the road they mustered to await,  
They knew not what, a dream, a joy, a fate.



And man to man in exaltation cried:

“Something has come to make us young again.  
Wisdom has come, and Beauty, Wisdom’s bride,  
And youth like flowering April after rain.”  
But still the fluting piped and men were fain  
To sing and ring the bells, they knew not why  
Save that their hearts were in an ecstasy.

Then to the balcony above them came  
King Cole the shining in his robe of flame;  
Behind him came the Prince, who smiled and bowed.  
King Cole made silence: then addressed the crowd.

“Friends, fellow mortals, bearers of the ghost  
That burns, and breaks its lamp, but is not lost.  
This day, for one brief hour, a key is given  
To all, however poor, to enter heaven.  
The Bringers Down of Beauty from the stars,  
Have reached this city in their golden cars.  
They ask, to bring you beauty, if you will.

You do not answer: rightly, you are still.  
But you will come, to watch the image move  
Of all you dreamed or had the strength to love.

Come to the Ring, the image of the path  
That this our planet through the Heaven hath;  
Behold man's skill, man's wisdom, man's delight,  
And woman's beauty, imaged to the height.

Come, for our rulers come; and Death, whose feet  
Tread at the door, permits a minute's sweet;  
To each man's soul vouchsafes a glimpse, a gleam,  
A touch, a breath of his intensest dream.  
Now, to that glimpse, that moment, come with me;  
Our rulers come.

O brother let there be  
Such welcome to our Prince as never was.  
Let there be flowers under foot, not grass,  
Flowers and scented rushes and the sprays  
Of purple bramble reddening into blaze.  
Let there be bells rung backward till the tune

Be as the joy of all the bees in June.  
Let float your flags, and let your lanterns rise  
Like fruit upon the trees in Paradise,  
In many-coloured lights as rich as Rome  
O'er road and tent; and let the children come,  
It is their world, these Beauty Dwellers bring."

Then, like the song of all the birds of spring  
He played his flute, and all who heard it cried,  
"Strew flowers before our rulers to the Ring."  
The courtiers hurried for their coats of pride  
The upturned faces in that market wide  
Glowed in the sunset to a beauty grave  
Such as the faces of immortals have.

And work was laid aside on desk and bench,  
The red-lined ledger summed no penny more,  
From lamp-blackened fingers the mechanic's wrench  
Dropped to the kinking wheel chains on the floor,  
The farmer shut the hen roost: at the store

The boys put up the shutters and ran hooting  
Wild with delight in freedom to the fluting.

And now the fluting led that gathered tide  
Of men and women forward through the town,  
And flowers seemed to fall from every side,  
White starry blossoms such as brooks bow down,  
White petals clinging in the hair and gown;  
And those who marched there thought that starry  
    flowers  
Grew at their sides, as though the streets were  
    bowers.

And all, in marching, thought, "We go to see  
Life, not the daily coil, but as it is  
Lived in its beauty in eternity,  
Above base aim, beyond our miseries;  
Life that is speed and colour and bright bliss,  
And beauty seen and strained for, and possest  
Even as a star forever in the breast."

The fluting led them through the western gate,  
From many a tossing torch their faces glowed,  
Bright-eyed and ruddy-featured and elate;  
They sang and scattered flowers upon the road,  
Still in their hair the starry blossoms snowed;  
They saw ahead the green-striped tent, their mark,  
Lit now and busy in the gathering dark.

There at the vans and in the green-striped tent  
The circus artists growled their discontent.  
Close to the gate a lighted van there was;  
The showman's wife thrust back its window glass.  
And leaned her head without to see who came  
To buy a ticket for the evening's game.

A roll of tickets and a plate of pence  
(For change) lay by her as she leaned from thence.  
She heard the crowd afar, but in her thought  
She said: "That's in the city; it is nought.  
They glorify the Queen."

Though sick at heart  
She wore her spangles, for her evening's part,  
To dance upon the barebacked horse and sing.  
Green velvet was her dress, with tinselling.  
Her sad, worn face had all the nobleness  
That lovely spirits gather from distress.

"No one to-night," she thought, "no one to-night."

Within the tent, a flare gave blowing light.  
There, in their scarlet cart, the bandsmen tuned  
Bugles that whinnied, flageolets that crooned  
And strings that whined and grunted.

Near the band  
Piebald and magpie horses stood at hand  
Nosing at grass beneath the green-striped dome  
While men caressed them with the curry-comb.

The clowns, with whited, raddled faces, heaped  
Old horse cloths round them to the chins; they peeped

Above the rugs; their cigarette ends' light  
Showing black eyes, and scarlet smears and white.

They watched the empty benches, and the wry  
Green curtain door which no one entered by.

Two little children entered and sat still  
With bright wide-opened eyes that stared their fill,  
And red lips round in wonder smeared with tints  
From hands and handkerchiefs and peppermints.

A farm lad entered. That was all the house.

"Strike up the band to give the folk a rouse,"  
The showman said, "They must be all outside."  
He said it boldly, though he knew he lied.

Sad as a funeral march for pleasure gone  
The band lamented out, "He's got them on."  
Then paused, as usual, for the crowd to come.

Nobody came, though from without a hum  
Of instruments and singing slowly rose.  
“Free feast, with fireworks and public shows,”  
The bandsmen growled, “An empty house again.  
Two children and a ploughboy and the rain.  
And then a night march through the mud,” they  
said.

Now to the gate, King Cole his piping played.  
The showman’s wife from out her window peering  
Saw, in the road, a crowd with lanterns nearing,  
And, just below her perch, a man who shone  
As though white flame were his caparison;  
One upon whom the great-eyed hawk-moths tense  
Settled with feathery feet and quivering sense,  
Till the white, gleaming robe seemed stuck with  
eyes.

It was the grinning glitterer, white and wise,  
King Cole, who said, “Madam, the Court is here,



The Court, the Prince, the Queen, all drawing near,  
We here, the vanguard, set them on their way.

They come intent to see your circus play.

They ask that all who wish may enter free,

And in their princely hope that this may be

They send you these plump bags of minted gold."

He gave a sack that she could scarcely hold.

She dropped it trembling, muttering thanks, and  
then

She cried: "O master, I must tell the men."

She rushed out of her van: she reached the Ring;

Called to her husband, "Will, the Queen and King,

Here at the very gate to see the show!"

"Light some more flares," said Will, "to make a  
glow.

'God save the Queen,' there, bandsmen; lively,  
boys.

Come on, 'God save our gracious'; make a noise.

Here, John, bring on the piebalds to the centre,  
We'll have the horses kneeling as they enter."  
All sang, and rushed. Without, the trumpets blared.

Now children, carrying paper lanterns, made  
A glowing alley to the circus door;  
Then others scattered flowers to pave a floor,  
Along the highway leading from the town.



Rust-spotted bracken green they scattered down,  
Blue cornflowers and withering poppies red,  
Gold charlock, thrift, the purple hardihead,

Harebells, the milfoil white, September clover,  
And boughs that berry red when summer's over,  
All autumn flowers, with yellow ears of wheat.

Then with bruised, burning gums that made all  
sweet,  
Came censer-bearing pages, and then came  
Bearers in white with cressets full of flame,  
Whose red tongues made the shadows dance like  
devils.

Then the blithe flutes that pipe men to the revels  
Thrilled to the marrow softly as men marched.  
Then, tossing leopard-skins from crests that arched,  
The horses of the kettle-drummers stept.  
Then with a glitter of bright steel there swept  
The guard of knights, each pennon-bearer bold  
Girt in a crimson cloak with spangs of gold.  
Then came the Sword and Mace, and then the four  
Long silver trumpets thrilling to the core  
Of people's hearts their sound. Then two by two,

Proud in caparisons of kingly blue,  
Bitted with bars of gold, in silver shod,  
Treading like kings, cream-coloured stallions trod,  
Dragging the carriage with the Prince and Queen.  
The Corporation, walking, closed the scene.  
Then came the crowd in-surgng like the wave  
That closes up the gash the clipper clave.

Swift in the path their majesties would tread  
The showman flung green baize and turkey red.  
Within the tent, with bunting, ropes and bags  
They made a Royal Box festooned with flags.  
Even as the Queen arrived, the work was done,  
The seven piebald horses kneeled like one,  
The bandsmen blew their best, while, red as beet,  
The showman bowed his rulers to their seat.

Then, through the door, came courtiers wigged and  
starred;  
The crimson glitterers of the bodyguard;  
The ladies of the Court, broad-browed and noble,



*The Court, the Prince, the Queen, all drawing near,  
We here, the vanguard, set them on their way.  
They come intent to see your circus play.*



Lovely as evening stars o'er seas in trouble;  
The aldermen, in furs, with golden chains,  
Old cottagers in smocks from country lanes,  
Shepherds half dumb from silence on the down,  
And merchants with their households from the town,  
And, in the front, two rows of eager-hearted  
Children with shining eyes and red lips parted.

Even as the creeping waves that brim the pool  
One following other filled the circus full.

The showman stood beside his trembling wife.  
"Never," he said, "in all our travelling life  
Has this old tent looked thus, the front seats full  
With happy little children beautiful.  
Then all this glorious Court, tier after tier!  
O would our son, the wanderer, were here,  
Then we'd die happy!"

"Would he were!" said she.

"It was my preaching forced him to be free,"  
The showman said.



“Ah, no,” his wife replied,  
“The great world’s glory and the young blood’s  
pride,  
Those forced him from us, never you, my dear.”

“I would be different if we had him here  
Again,” the showman said; “but we must start.  
But all this splendour takes away my heart,  
I am not used to playing to the King.”

“Look,” said his wife, “the stranger, in the Ring.”

There in the Ring, indeed, the stranger stood,  
King Cole, the shining, with his flute of wood,  
Waiting until the chattering Court was stilled.

Then from his wooden flute his piping thrilled,  
Then all was tense, and then the leaping fluting  
Clamoured as flowering clamours for the fruiting.



And round the ring came Dodo, the brown mare,  
Pied like a tiger-moth; her bright shoes tare  
The scattered petals, while the clown came after  
Like life, a beauty chased by tragic laughter.  
The showman entered in and cracked his whip.

Then followed fun and skill and horsemanship,  
Marvellous all, for all were at their best.  
Never had playing gone with such a zest  
To those good jesters; never had the tent  
So swiftly answered to their merriment  
With cheers, the artist's help, the actor's life.  
Then, at the end, the showman and his wife  
Stood at the entrance listening to the cheers.  
They were both happy to the brink of tears.

King Cole came close and whispered in their ears:  
"There is a soldier here who says he knew  
You, long ago, and asks to speak to you.  
A sergeant in the guard, a handsome blade."

“Mother!” the sergeant said. “What, Jack!” she said,

“Our son come back! look, father, here’s our son!”

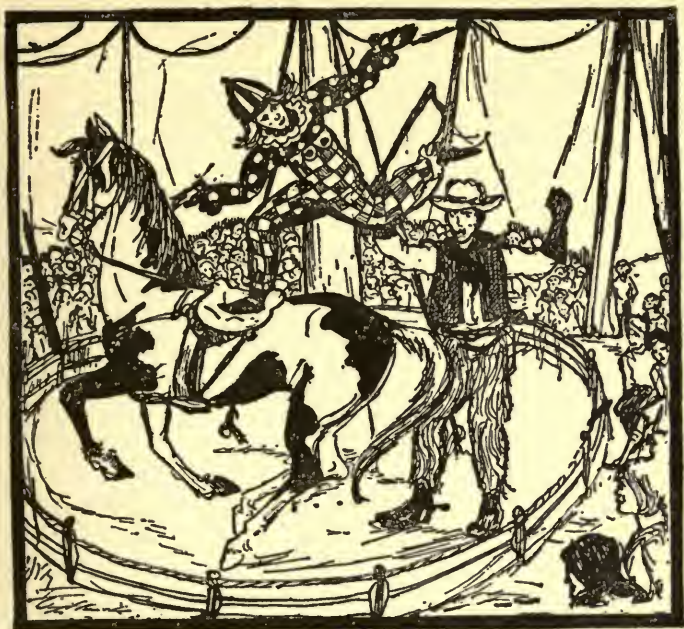
“Bad pennies do come home to everyone,”

The sergeant said. “And if you’ll have me home,  
And both forgive me, I’ll be glad to come.”

“Why, son,” the showman said, “the fault was  
ours.”

Now a bright herald trod across the flowers  
To bid the artists to the Queen and King,  
Who thanked them for the joyful evening,  
And shook each artist’s hand with words of praise.  
“Our happiest hour,” they said, “for many days.  
You must perform at Court at Christmas tide.”

They left their box: men flung the curtains wide,  
The horses kneeled like one as they withdrew.



*And round the ring came Dodo, the brown mare,  
Pied like a tiger-moth; her bright shoes tare  
The scattered petals, while the clown came after  
Like life, a beauty chased by tragic laughter.*



They reached the curtained door and loitered through.

The audience, standing, sang "God save the Queen."  
The hour of the showman's life had been.

Now once again a herald crossed the green  
To tell the showman that a feast was laid,  
A supper for the artists who had played  
By the Queen's order, in a tent without.

In the bright moonlight at the gate the rout  
Of courtiers, formed procession to be gone,  
Orders were called, steel clinked, and jewels shone,  
The watchers climbed the banks and took their stands.

The circus artists shook each others' hands,  
Their quarrels were forgotten and forgiven,  
Old friendships were restored and sinners shriven.  
"We find we cannot part from Will," they said.

And while they talked the juggler took the maid  
Molly, the singer, to the hawthorn glade  
Behind the green-striped tent, and told his love,  
A wild delight, beyond her hope, enough  
Beyond her dream to brim her eyes with tears.

Now came a ringing cry to march; and cheers  
Rose from the crowd; the bright procession fared  
Back to the city while the trumpets blared.

So the night ended, and the Court retired.  
Back to the town the swaying torches reeked,  
Within the green-striped tent the lights expired,  
The dew dript from the canvas where it leaked.  
Dark, in the showman's van, a cricket creaked,  
But, near the waggons, fire was glowing red  
On happy faces where the feast was spread.

Gladly they supped, those artists of the show;  
Then by the perfect moon, together timed,

They struck the green-striped tent and laid it low,  
Even as the quarter before midnight chimed.  
Then putting-to the piebald nags, they climbed  
Into their vans and slowly stole away  
Along Blown Hilcote on the Icknield Way.

And as the rumbling of the waggons died  
By Aston Tirrold and the Moretons twain,  
With axle-clatter in the countryside,  
Lit by the moon and fragrant from the rain,  
King Cole moved softly in the Ring again,  
Where now the owls and he were left alone:  
The night was loud with water upon stone.

He watched the night; then taking up his flute,  
He breathed a piping of this life of ours,  
The half-seen prize, the difficult pursuit,  
The passionate lusts that shut us in their towers,  
The love that helps us on, the fear that lowers,  
The pride that makes us and the pride that mars,  
The beauty and the truth that are our stars.

And man, the marvellous thing, that in the dark  
Works with his little strength to make a light,  
His wit that strikes, his hope that tends, a spark,  
His sorrow of soul in toil, that brings delight,  
His friends, who make salt sweet and blackness  
    bright,  
His birth and growth and change; and death the  
    wise,  
His peace, that puts a hand upon his eyes.

All these his pipings breathed of, until twelve  
Struck on the belfry tower with tremblings numb  
(Such as will shudder in the axe's helve  
When the head strikes) to tell his hour was come.  
Out of the living world of Christendom  
He dimmed like mist till one could scarcely note  
The robins nestling to his old grey coat.

Dimmer he grew, yet still a glimmering stayed  
Like light on cobwebs, but it dimmed and died.  
Then there was naught but moonlight in the glade,

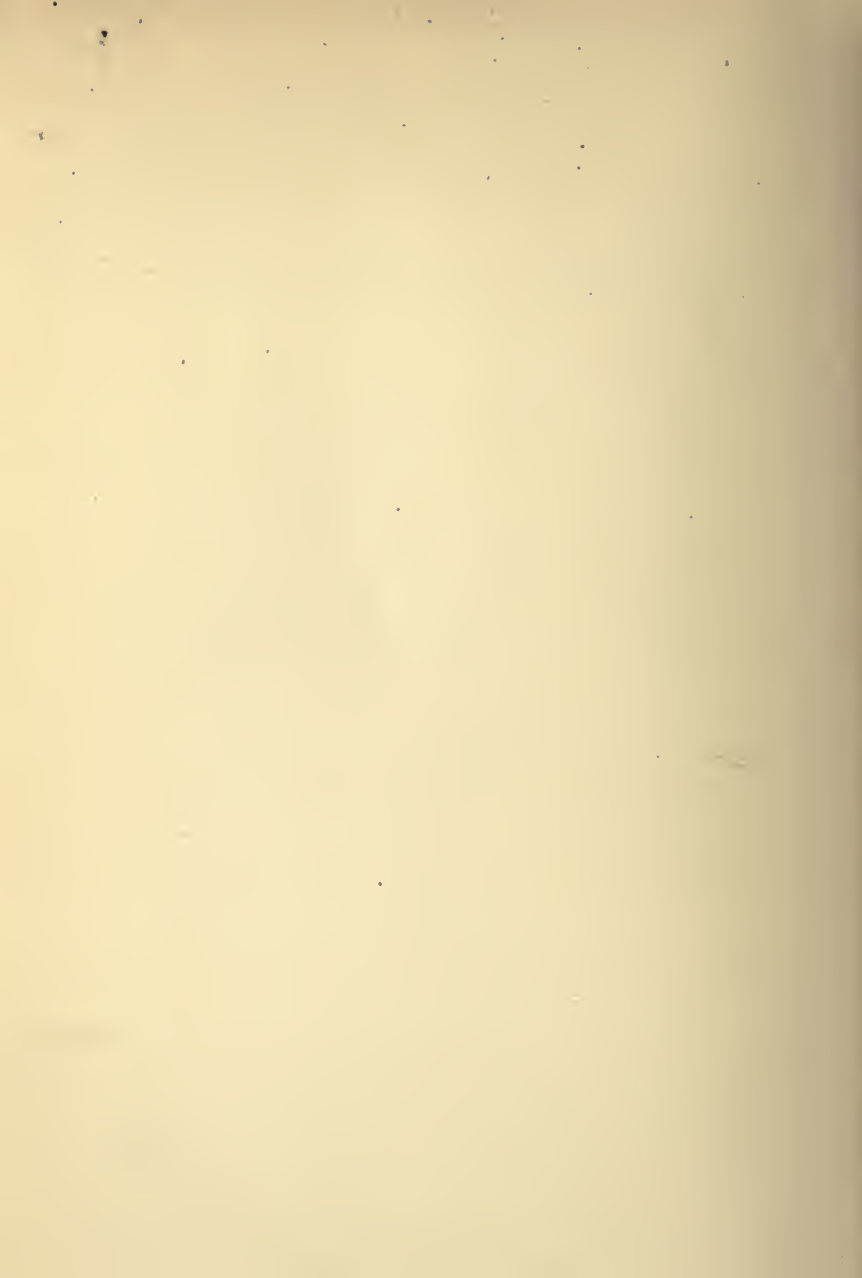


Moonlight and water and an owl that cried.  
Far overhead a rush of birds' wings sighed,  
From migrants going south until the spring.  
The night seemed fanned by an immortal wing.

But where the juggler trudged beside his love  
Each felt a touching from beyond our ken,  
From that bright kingdom where the souls who  
    strove,  
Live now forever, helping living men.  
And as they kissed each other; even then  
Their brows seemed blessed, as though a hand unseen  
Had crowned their loves with never-withering green.









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